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Agricultural.

NOTES FROM SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

While in attendance at the Vernon Sheep-Breeders' meeting recently, we had an opportunity of looking over some of the stock in the vicinity of Vernon. Corns and Owosso, in company with some of the enterprising farmers of those neighborhoods, such as J. W. Hibbard, H. M. Olney, F. G. Bailey, J. E. Gilmour and C. Hibbard. The weather was cold enough to make a rousing fire very enticing, and when it was encountered during the trip it was difficult to leave it. At H. M. Olney's we found a good flock of high grade Merinos and the foundation of a flock of thoroughbreds. He has 10 ewes of Atwood blood, three of them of Ellsworth breeding. He is using Geo. W. Stuart's Queen Ram. His son is the sheep man of the family. Mr. Olney having a liking for fine horses. He is also feeding some steers, which he does every year.

At F. G. Bailey's we found a large flock of sheep, he having purchased the Keeney flock all of Atwood blood, and added them to what he formerly had. In breeding they are all that could be wished, but were in poor shape when Mr. Bailey first purchased them. He is putting them into good shape and will have a valuable flock. His others come from the flock of George W. Stuart.

Directly across from Mr. Bailey's is the farm of Mr. Lewis, who is breeding Berkshires, his stock coming from Mr. A. Burpee, of Philadelphia. He had a fine brood sow and some good young pigs from her. From here a visit was made to the farms of Mr. B. Ellis, Mr. Fred Johnson, and Mr. Perry Brown. All these gentlemen were away, but we had a look at their flocks all the same, and they had them in good shape—the low price of wool not preventing them from giving attention to their flocks. Some of the young stock we saw on those farms will be heard of at shearing time if they are taken out. The Merino is getting a strong grip in this section, and there will be some flocks here that will not discredit Michigan breeders.

The next farm visited was that of the Cook Bros., where we should have been pleased to have met the Professor. Here we found a herd of Shorthorns of more than ordinary merit. The grand old bull Waterloo Duke 34072, purchased at the sale of W. & A. McPherson, of Howell, is looking in splendid shape, as was also the cow Waterloo 39th. Waterloo Duke seems to be good for some years service, and we expect to see some good stock from him yet. There are some excellent cows in this herd, and the young things are coming forward in good shape. A young calf, only a few weeks old, deep red in color, was unanimously voted the best calf met with. It looked as if J. W. Hibbard would "freeze" to it before we could get him away.

Then the party drove to the Hibbard homestead in Bennington, and put up for the night. It proved to be a very judicious selection. In the morning the stock on this farm was looked over. There is a large flock of thoroughbred Merinos kept, which were first looked over. The old stock ram Major 618, sired by Centennial 404, has proved a fine stock ram, and he is still in good shape. The young ram purchased last season from A. A. Wood of Saline, is a stylish sheep, and should make a good cross on the stock of Major. The flock is largely of F. & L. E. Moore and E. N. Bissell stock. The breeding flock is doing well, and shows good management. There are some really fine yearling and ewe lambs in it. One of the pioneer herds of Shorthorns in this county was started on this farm, and has been gradually increased in numbers as time went on. The breeding cows of the herd have been referred to by our correspondent "C," who gave notes of their breeding at the time. We can substantiate all he said in regard to their in-

dividual merits. Mr. C. Hibbard, who started the herd, began first by grading up his stock with good bulls, and actual experience with this graded stock, both as feeders and dairy cattle, has made him a firm friend of the red, white and roan. He thinks too much attention is paid to pedigree of late years at the expense of individual merit, and he has a sharp eye for a weakness or a fault in an animal. The stock bull, Wiley Oxford 3d 34111, so long at the head of this herd, has been fattened off, and made one of the handiest carcasses of beef ever seen in Owosso, weighing before slaughtering over 2,000 lbs. He has been succeeded by a bull bred by H. H. Hinds of Stanton, sired by Clarence 43098, a son of the noted 4th Duke of Clarence, and out of a Lady Knightley cow. He is a rich roan in color, and a large animal for his age. He is straight top and bottom, good head, good brisket, a little faulty behind the shoulder, but that will fill up with a little more age, as he is yet very young and growing fast. His flank and loin are all right, and his hindquarters well filled out. He has plenty of style, and when fully developed will be a very fine animal. He is an excellent handler, and we think J. W. Hibbard, who selected him, will have no cause to regret his choice. The Hibbard farm has also a fine herd of Berkshires on it, and at State, County, and District Fairs have showed themselves worthy to compete with the best in the State. They have enjoyed an excellent trade, and the trouble has been to breed stock fast enough to supply their customers. There is a grand flock of grade sheep here, the ewes great big ones, square built, carrying a beautiful staple of long white wool. Mr. C. Hibbard said they were a flock he had selected some years ago and their increase. He had used thoroughbred rams of course, and is breeding some exceedingly fine sheep. When the history of this flock was hunted out it was traced direct to the old flocks of the Wood Brothers, of Saline, and undoubtedly pure bred. The Messrs. Hibbard have a young man in charge of their stock who is going to make a breeder, or we mistake the signs. He is thoroughly interested in stock, careful and attentive. He is in a good place to learn, and the training he gets on this farm will be valuable to him as long as he lives. He is adopting a course that would be of great benefit to many of the young men on the farms of this State.

Near the Hibbard farm is that of the Rush Brothers, young men who have started at the bottom and are vigorously pushing their way to the front. They have some high grade Shorthorn cows bred by themselves from the bulls kept by the Messrs. Hibbard. They now have a good bull, bred at the Agricultural College, and we have no doubt a herd of thoroughbreds will soon be kept upon this farm.

The last visit was made to Mr. Armstrong, who makes a specialty of breeding and training Scotch collies. He has a large breeding kennel in which are dogs of high degree, and as one of the party expressed it, they seemed to know as much as some men they had met. Mr. Armstrong enjoys a high reputation for his stock, and ships dogs into all the States and Territories where stock breeding is followed. He has secured a large farm further out of town, and will shortly change his location.

The Owosso Breeding Stables were of course visited, and the noted sires which have made them famous the world over, and we shall have something to say of them hereafter.

FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.

Onondaga, Feb. 8, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I noticed in your issue of Feb. 2d that B. of Dexter, was having trouble with foot rot in his sheep, and from past experience know that unless the disease is different from what it used to be he can cure it with blue vitriol, for I have done it and can give reference to other men's method also. I should judge from B.'s method of applying he had not been thorough enough. My method of treatment is first to make a rack to hold your sheep something similar to the old fashioned saw horse used for sawing wood, only large enough so that after putting some boards in it will be large enough lay a sheep in on its back. Then nail a strap on one side near the middle so it will pass over the sheep's body just back of front legs, and then with a hook or some other device on the other side to hold the other end of strap you have something that will hold a sheep much easier and better than a man can possibly do it. Then steep or thoroughly dissolve blue vitriol in soft water, put in a bottle, have a quill in the cork like a pepper-sauce bottle. Pare off all loose hoof and clean out (as far as possible) all decayed matter from all sore feet, and apply the vitriol to every foot in the flock, sore or not. Keep your pens dry and well littered. By going over your flocks twice a week on the start, as the disease abates once a week will do until it is entirely cured. Have them cured in the spring before being turned out to pasture, and I will guarantee they will stay so, at least as my experience. SUBSCRIBER.



Imported Pluviose, 3755 (683), Black Gray, Foaled in 1882, Weight 1,800. Property of Savage & Farnum, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne Co. Mich.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Not long since I saw in a leading agricultural paper this expression: "Of course a good crop takes more from the soil than a poor one." I think here is a misapprehension of the relation which the soil sustains to the growing crop, and the statement is only a half truth which often stands for the true explanation of things. I don't believe that a soil is like a cistern, into which every drop that is collected is only serviceable to be drawn out for use again, and that we draw out only what has dripped or been poured in. On the contrary, it is more as though we had built a cistern in which we place the essential requisites that shall produce water profusely only under the conditions of perfect preparation of materials. Not that when a barrel of water is drawn off another barrel must be put in, but the combination must be so perfect that two barrels of water will be generated with slight additions to the combination within, where only the one barrel was the average yield under slight neglect. Good soil is a condition rather than a capacity; and we build it up to a point where it is susceptible to all the influences which tend to a maximum yield. We do not raise it up to the capacity of growing a large crop, which exhausts it and causes it to drop back again to the point from which we began to build. This is nearer the truth with a thin soil. The owner is too eager to begin the work of spoliation, and it is akin to the efforts of that valorous king who "marched up the hill, and then marched down again." It is only fair to presume that a maximum crop is only the normal effort of the plant to reproduce itself when the conditions are perfect for its development. It needs less effort to sustain a soil that has reached the condition of 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, than the one which is strained up to 20. If the assertion at the heading of this article is true, then the 40 bushel capacity must be reduced by the growth of such a crop to an equilibrium with the 20 bushel capacity before that crop is taken off, which would not be true. The 40 bushel condition presupposes that all the wants of the plant are met—that nature's fertilizers, which are eager to mingle with the soil, have been brought into communion with each other by a proper manure and mixture of mold and earth, and a union of their forces has resulted in a maximum crop. A soil devoid of vegetable matter withdrawn by too frequent cropping can never be brought to a condition of fermentation, and without this the best results can never be obtained. In it will be large enough lay a sheep in on its back. Then nail a strap on one side near the middle so it will pass over the sheep's body just back of front legs, and then with a hook or some other device on the other side to hold the other end of strap you have something that will hold a sheep much easier and better than a man can possibly do it. Then steep or thoroughly dissolve blue vitriol in soft water, put in a bottle, have a quill in the cork like a pepper-sauce bottle. Pare off all loose hoof and clean out (as far as possible) all decayed matter from all sore feet, and apply the vitriol to every foot in the flock, sore or not. Keep your pens dry and well littered. By going over your flocks twice a week on the start, as the disease abates once a week will do until it is entirely cured. Have them cured in the spring before being turned out to pasture, and I will guarantee they will stay so, at least as my experience. SUBSCRIBER.

provided for the wants of the crop, in the sense of putting hay in the mangers as fast as it is eaten up, but we can readily call to our aid a force that can supply nutrition from a constant source, if we present the proper conditions under which this supply can be granted. The hay must be filled each year and yearly fed out again, but the well cared for soil is more like a perennial stream that accumulates and never diminishes its store. The effort of every farmer should be to elevate the condition of his soil to the acceptance of nature's assistance, which is very much better than special manures which are spread on the theory of give and take, with no effort at a permanent improvement of the soil. A. C. G.

THE HATHWAY YELLOW DENT ENDORSED.

Volonia, Feb. 7, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I have been interested in the discussion in back numbers of the FARMER, on raising corn. I consider it one of the most important crops raised. The failure of the corn crop is a great calamity; more so than of any other crop raised on the farm. Notwithstanding the great importance of the crop, the average yield is far below the capabilities of the production of our best lands. This state of things shows that all the requisites are not known, or at least not utilized in its cultivation and management. The most essential requisites in raising a large and profitable crop are: varieties best adapted to the locality and soils, preparation, fertility and after cultivation. As to varieties, I consider the Hathway, a yellow dent above medium in size, the best adapted to a wide range of different soils and circumstances of any with which I am acquainted. The cob and the stalk are small in proportion to the size of the ear and ripen early. It will also bear earing earlier than most varieties on that account. It also shells a greater proportion of grain to the cob than most varieties of corn. It has been successfully raised on the Agricultural College farm, and in Macomb County by Mr. Day. I will say right here I have no seed corn to sell. Mr. B. Hathway probably might furnish it. I have been somewhat minute in the description of characteristics for the reason that I think a more general use of this variety would increase the yield and improve the quality. Corn does best on a warm soil containing considerable sand and gravel. But any strong rich soil will produce a good crop with proper management. A clover sod is a good thing for a corn crop. But I would prefer a wheat stubble after clover; using all the manure for the wheat crop. I would plow in the spring late enough to plant as soon as plowed and fitted. The plowing should be a fair depth, say six or seven inches. If not very soddy and rough, (which it should not be if properly plowed), I would harrow but once before marking, as it is better to do the harrowing after planting. Mark with a marker making four marks at one crossing four feet apart. Cross mark, and plant with the first marking, or across the last marking for the purpose of having it accurate. Plant but three grains to the hill and cover with hoe, not exceeding one inch of pressed earth. See that the planting is properly done, for it is a very important part of the work. As soon as planted or before it has had time to come up put a properly

constructed harrow at work, before the pigeon grass and other weeds make their appearance. As soon as the corn comes through so as to see the rows cross drag it; and again the next week; not allowing any weeds or grass to show itself. By that time if the weather has been warm, the corn will be large enough to use the cultivator, and unless rains have interfered with the operations will be clean; and with proper cultivation will need no hoeing. The crop should be cultivated once each week until the tassels appear, when cultivation should be discontinued altogether. I should be pleased to see more of the opinions of farmers expressed in the FARMER on this important topic between now and planting time, if the Editor can spare the room. M. J. GARD.

FARM TALK.

This is the time of year some of us are engaged in fattening sheep; it may be instructive to others to hear our experience. We have tried many different ways of arranging sheep in pens to feed, but the most satisfactory way to us, is to build the pens ten by fourteen feet, putting from twenty to twenty-five sheep in each pen, all under cover, and not taking them out until they are shipped to market, arranging the pens so as to have hay, grain and water in each pen; by so doing they are kept quiet, and have nothing to hinder them from growing fat, providing, they are properly fed. We find that the most profitable sheep to feed are Merinos, of which we fattened about 500 wethers this winter that were raised near Flint, Mich., and succeeded in getting them to eat four bushels of corn to the hundred a day, getting an average gain of over twenty pounds in three months, on sheep that only averaged eighty pounds when we commenced to feed. We have discovered a new way to husk and shell corn, at least it is new to us. As hired help was scarce here last fall, and we could not get a husking machine, the thought came to us of threshing it the same as we do wheat, consequently our separator was started, and the result was very satisfactory, as it husked the corn clean and shelled it very nicely, and left the stalks in better shape for the cattle to eat than our fodder cutter. We can recommend it as a very good, cheap and quick way to harvest corn, but it will not do to thresh too much at a time, especially if the corn is damp. There has been a good deal said by different writers, about taking care of manure, the right time to put it on the land, etc. Experience tells us one of the cheapest and best ways to handle manure to reap the most satisfactory results, is to draw it on the land in the winter, and spread it as it is drawn. When the grass starts in the spring it will grow up through the manure, holding it firmly to the ground, consequently can be plowed under without clogging the plow. Some men claim that by spreading manure on the land in winter, all the best fertilizing parts evaporate or run off with the spring rains. We manured part of a field last winter, and the balance just before plowing in the spring; we watched the results very closely during the summer, but could not see any difference in the crops on the two pieces, which we think gives us a fact in our favor and other experiments we have tried with the same results. We have noticed pieces of

wheat that were top-dressed in winter, doing a great deal better than pieces adjoining that were not. In your issue of Feb. 2nd, we noticed a cut of a Cleveland Bay stallion, which brings to mind a matter that we all had better consider more than we do, and that is, breeding from Percheron and Clydesdale stallions. The Cleveland Bays are the coming horses to raise, and why? because they have got the size, style and action. We stand a chance of getting a handsome price for a span of Cleveland Bays as coach horses, and if they will not sell for that they will do for draft horses. We have too many draft horses now compared to our coach horses. Breed for coach horses and it will make us more money than any kind of horses we can raise at the present time. F. C. McPHERSON.
CALBONIA, N. Y.

METHOD WITH CORN.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I read with interest the article of your correspondent on the "Culture of Corn" and his way of doing it. Permit me to give mine. It may be no better than his, yet may meet the eye of some inquiring brother who may choose to test it. In the spring of '84 I planted 20 acres of corn—about 15 acres was yellow dent, about five acres red point yellow corn, eight rows. All was planted on good land and well tended; all yielded well; but that year as well as last year, with the mode of planting and culture adopted, the eight rows of corn gave much the larger yield of corn of better quality. Now for the mode of planting: The land was sod, heavily manured, plowed with a chilled plow with jointer nine inches deep, followed with roller soon as plowed, then thoroughly pulverized with a harrow. I had two tin hoppers made to hold about three quarts each; these I fastened over the spouts of my grain drill, for dent a little over four feet apart, for small corn a little over three. Set the gauge to sow two and one-half bushels wheat to the acre and planted as soon as each field was ready. The dent corn was good, yielding over 100 bushels of ears to the acre, the eight-rows yielding twice that amount. On a part of the field planted to small corn, on which the previous year a crop of peas had been raised, the small corn three feet four inches one way, standing six inches in the row, when the land was rich, cared just as well as when the stalks stood further apart; ears equally large, and matured its grain equally well. From these two experiments I believe on a good piece of land, well manured and well fitted, thoroughly cultivated, all weeds kept out through its entire growth, farmers of Michigan can raise over 100 bushels of shelled corn to the acre. I do not consider the work of cultivation materially increased by this mode of planting, as the straight rows admit of closer cultivation and the drag before the corn is up and while yet small enough to admit its use, leaves the rows pretty well cleaned, and a few boys will

pull out all that are left. It is more work to cut, more to husk, for there is more stalks and corn. From my experience I don't think dent corn will ear well planted close; but with the eight-rows, provided the land is rich enough and kept clean and well worked through the season, it will ear just as well close together as farther apart. A man and team will plant 15 or 20 acres per day, and that is quite an item at this time of the season, when a rainy spell or dry weather often makes a day of great importance. WOLVERINE.

CORUNNA, Mich., Feb. 13, 1886.

TOO RICH A SOIL.

DETROIT, Feb. 13, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
In the last issue of the FARMER I notice that Subscriber wants you to tell him how he shall manage to get clover seed to grow on his farm, I suppose for the purpose of fertilizing it sufficiently to next year produce a crop of ten bushels of wheat per acre. In reply you go on to explain the way you treat twenty acres, etc. This all seems to me like a doctor trying to mend up a consumptive patient. Now I am another subscriber to the FARMER; I don't claim to be much of a farmer, and live in the city, and all the wheat farming I do is by proxy, and I have a case just of the opposite nature, and maybe Subscriber can point a remedy. One year ago last November my farm manager seeded a ten acre lot to timothy. It was so late as not to show life until spring, and from some cause came up very unevenly, probably from the bungling way it was sown (broadcast). It was not ready to cut until late in the season, but the growth was enormous. Where it came up thick a heavy rain knocked it down in such masses as to rot on the ground, and where it was thin and stood up it was full five feet high and the stalks so stiff and rank that it absolutely ruined a mower in cutting it. In an adjoining field was sown oats, and the whole field was like a forest, full six feet high. A heavy wind and rain just as it was coming into the milk knocked it down so that it never rose, and was a failure. An acre or two of wheat sown on similar ground, more for experiment than thinking to get good returns, like the oats fell down and had to be mowed. When threshed it turned out a mountain of straw to a bushel of grain. Potatoes—well, they were "small and few in the hill," but the vines were a little less than a rod in length. Corn, ah! there is where we hit it right, twelve feet high and a ladder in harvesting to reach the top ears. But a farmer must have hay, oats, wheat, and potatoes, etc. Now, maybe you or Subscriber can advise how the thing is to be accomplished? As bad as my case is I do not feel inclined to exchange farms with either of you. I had rather have a team that requires holding back than one that requires punching up from behind. My land cost less than ten dollars per acre, and there is plenty more all around it for about the same price. You say, too, that all Michigan soils must have time to settle down. That encourages me to think that mine will settle down and quit its present bad habits and become respectable, and if any of the readers of the FARMER should be simple enough to want this style of land let them apply to this SUBSCRIBER.
250 John R Street.

N. B.—Perhaps I ought to explain that my land, when I commenced working it, was a swamp or marsh, portions of which a horse could not walk over. A judicious system of ditching has produced the foregoing results, and that brings me to another point. In cutting these ditches, at a depth of about two feet, a bed of marl was struck of such stiff and sticky nature the men threatened to jump the contract, and advised me to start a brick yard, supposing it to be ordinary clay. I did not know to the contrary until observing that the frosts of winter changed it into a substance more like leached ashes than clay. I am now puzzled to know whether I have a farm or a marl bed; perhaps you can enlighten me on that subject, and whether that has not something to do with this extravagant growth of crops.

Now there are thousands of acres of similarly situated land in this same county, at a low figure and when brought under proper culture at an expense of not to exceed five dollars per acre; and when so treated are not in point of fertility and crop producing force exceeded by any land this side the Nile. I have none of these lands to sell but can point out those who have, and any man, young or old, wanting a farm had better look at that direction rather than in Dakota.

Remedying a Defective Catch of Clover.

BENNINGTON, Feb. 13, 1886.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
As experience is of great value, I will give mine in answer to "Subscriber," in regard to remedying a defective catch of seedling. Soil was rather light, clover was sown with oats and injured by drouth. Next spring dragged once with common harrow, sowed clover, dragged again and rolled. It was the most perfect catch of clover I ever had and the most satisfactory. I believe there is much to be learned in the way of remedying defective seedling, and that the question is an important one. J. H. PRABODY.

The Horse.

FIXING FOR A MARKET.

How Some Canadian Breeders Propose Making a Market for their Mongrels.

A number of Canadian horsemen, according to the *Signal* of Goderich, Ont., met in that town on the 19th inst., with the avowed intention of starting a stud book "for the registration of regular horses not now admitted to the regular books, and also one for Cleveland Bays." The breed first referred to was undoubtedly the Clydesdale, although it is not so stated.

Mr. McMillan opened the discussion, and in the language of the ungody, "gave the snap away" in flat-footed style. He said that under present arrangements a large portion of our best Canadian horses could not be registered in existing books, and in consequence they did not sell at their best figures, particularly in American markets. A similar state of affairs in Scotland had led to the establishment of a new and special stud book, and now he knew of dealers there who were shipping horses in droves of 30 and 40 to the Western States to the exclusion of equally good horses from Canada which were unregistered. He strongly urged the formation of the proposed books, as certain to secure benefits not only to Canadian dealers, but to our home farmers and breeders, who would find a greater demand and better price. The other parties present endorsed these views, and it was finally resolved to appoint a board of provisional directors, who would draw up rules and regulations for the government of the new books, and submit them to a general meeting of horsemen and others to be held subsequently. The parties selected to draft rules and regulations, were requested to furnish a list of all Canadian horses known to them suitable for registration, and it was decided that the progeny of any mare with two crosses should be eligible for registration.

This scheme to work off a lot of mongrel horses upon American breeders is just the same as the one entered into by the Shorthorn breeders of that Province some years ago. It resulted in throwing suspicion upon every Canadian bred animal not registered in the American Herd Book. Purchasers are not likely to be fooled for any length of time, and this mongrel stud book will soon follow its predecessor, the mongrel Canadian Shorthorn Herd Book.

Contagious Diseases in Stables.

When we consider for a moment the number of diseases of a contagious nature to which horses are subject, and the careless manner in which they are exposed to the same, it is astonishing that we do not have epidemics of this kind often with our horses. To fully appreciate the risk that is incurred, we need only visit the city or country towns on court days or Saturdays, and see the number of horses of all kinds and conditions that stand tied and almost touching each other in every available space about town, to say nothing of the number that are packed together in the public stables. The latter, as a rule, are much safer from coming in contact with disease than those outside, for no sensible stableman would admit an animal inside his stables that is affected with any kind of contagious disease if he knew it; but it often happens that neither the owner of the horse nor the stableman is aware of the disease until it is too late to remedy the evil.

Contagious diseases of a most virulent character may be perpetuated for an indefinite length of time by feeding horses in stalls where the disease has existed. Of this kind we may mention glanders and Spanish itch especially. Either of these most fatal disorders may be conveyed to other horses by feeding in a stall where horses suffering with them have been kept. To destroy the virus take a pint of sulphuric acid and put it in a bucket of water, and with an old mop wash all parts of the stall, especially the trough and manger, as well as the sides of the stall. Then put a few pounds of stick sulphur in an old iron pot, and stopping the stable as well as possible, burn it, so as to fumigate the stable thoroughly, taking due precautions against fire. It is a good plan to set the pot in a tub of water, then whitewash with lime and carbolic acid. This will protect them thoroughly. —*Rural World.*

Horse Gossip.

W. C. FRANCE is reported to have sold to S. A. Brown & Co., Kalamazoo, this State, four trotting brood mares by the following sires: One each by *Twentieths* and *Manbrino*, Patchen, and two by *George Wilkes*. The price paid for the four is said to be \$5,000.

Mr. Y. C. CROMWELL, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to Messrs. S. A. Brown & Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich., the bay filly *Susie C.* by *Wm. L. dam Della Payne*, (sister to *Hamlin's* *Almont Jr.* 2:27) and the gray mare *Heiress*, by *Bayard*, in foal to *Rod Wilkes*.

Mr. T. J. MOSEBEN, of Cynthiana, Ky., proposes to sell his stable of thoroughbred stallions *Madison Square*, some time this month. The stable consists of 18 horses. Ten of the lot are two and three year olds, by *Longfellow*, *King Bee*, *Springbok*, and *Warwick*.

LAST week Woodward & Harbeson, of Lexington, Ky., sold \$65,000 worth of trotting horses at auction. Among those sold were *Tucker* 2:19½ by \$3,150; *Blue Cloud* 2:27 for \$900; black gelding *Olat*, by *Waverland Chief*, for \$250; brown filly *Jennifer*, by *Red Wilkes*, for \$3,000.

A SUBSCRIBER at Bedford, Mich., writes: "I would like to ask through the FARMER how many crosses a Clydesdale colt has to have to be eligible to registry? And where is the proper place to apply for such registry?" Write to Charles F. Mills, Secretary of the Clydesdale Association, Springfield, Illinois, who will give full information.

WHILE at Washington, Macomb County, last week, we had a look over the draft stock owned by C. E. Lockwood, of that place. The Clyde stallion *Conan*, so frequently a winner at State and county fairs, is wintering in good shape, in a box stall opening on a large yard, getting no grain, but in excellent condition,

and as frisky as a colt. A number of his colts were looked over, and invariably they present the same general characteristics from all classes of mares. Mr. Lockwood also owns an English draft horse, coming two years old, imported from Canada. He is a black, with one hind foot white, a large, growthy colt, high headed, a fine set of limbs under him, well put up, and when mature will weigh at least a ton. He was sired by Young Sampson, dam by England's Glory. Young Sampson is a noted sire, his stock being held in high esteem among Canadian breeders.

At Paris, Ky., on the 9th inst., R. J. Stoner disposed of a majority of his trotting stock. Forty nine head were sold and brought \$31,280. Among those sold were *Strathmore*, the sire of *Santa Claus* 2:17½ and 16 other performers in the 2:30 list; *Manbrino Russell*, son of *Manbrino*, and out of the dam of *Maud S.*, was put up, *Bowerman Bros.*, of Paris, making the single bid of \$5,000, which Mr. Stoner gave them \$1,000 to withdraw. *Allie Russell*, a three year old colt by *Strathmore*, out of the dam of *Albert France* 2:20½, sold for \$1,085, to F. O. Riley, of Junction City, Kansas. *Stuart*, with a record of 2:29½, sold for \$1,350; *Dakota*, record 2:35, sold for \$1,500. *Spartan*, son of *Strathmore*, out of an *Almont* mare, for \$1,400, and *Walton*, record 2:30, a full brother to *Albert France*, for \$3,650.

MESSRS. HIRAM WALKER & SONS, of Walkerville, Ont., have sold the Percheron stallions *Hugo* and *Marquis*; also the imported mare *Cozette* and colt by *Romulus*. Also the grade stallion *Essex Lad* by *Romulus*, and several grade mares by the same horse. *Marquis*, *Cozette* and her colt go to Dakota, the others to Manitoba.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

The Farm.

For the Michigan Farmer.
LOCATION OF FARM BUILDINGS AND ORCHARDS.

Having abundance of excellent material within its borders, the State of Michigan is fast coming to the front in the matter of necessary farm buildings. Money thus expended is well invested, as every progressive farmer realizes. As this is the season of the year usually employed by farmers for the collection of material, maturing plans and other preparatory work, whatever is said or written on the subject will be of special interest. Reading the numerous inquiries made relative to plans of construction, it has brought to my mind another subject closely connected therewith. How seldom do we see conveniently arranged farm buildings, having in view the economical handling of farm products. Disorder seems to be the rule, not the exception, and by their ill arrangement, causes us to retrace our steps many times in doing the work about them. So apparent is this disorder we are forced to the conclusion that they were deposited on our farms by a whirlwind. The causes for this state of things no doubt exist primarily in the fact that we built without any plan in view, and later on periods of time elapsed from the erection of one building to another, the ground became occupied by orchard, garden, well, etc., obliging us to select some out of the way place to erect our new barn. The writer of this has worked at the carpenter's trade in former years, and knows that it is as difficult to determine where to erect as how to construct, and only a few days ago, a neighbor called on him for aid in selecting a site for a residence.

The plan adopted by some farmers of building upon the line of the highway is in bad taste, as the road is used somewhat for barnyard, and in some instances amounts to a nuisance and obstruction. Having thus expressed disapproval of the prevailing style, or want of style, the reader no doubt will look for some plan or suggestion that may be an improvement. The best location for a farm is on the north side of the highway; as all work seems to come right-handed as it were, also receiving the direct rays of the sun upon the fronts of buildings. Where the land is hilly and broken, we must make the best of the situation, but as most farms are level, or nearly so, some general plan can be adopted. Do not build west or southwest of the residence, for sanitary reasons, as the prevailing winds come from these directions. Build residence as central along highway as possible, and from four to six rods back from the line; this will be far enough to escape the dust from the street, and make ample space for ornamental purposes. Erect all out-buildings in rear of residence, and in a line, on one or both sides of a lane, being of sufficient width for the easy turning of teams; those in constant use first in line, the larger hay and grain barns at farther end of row, as their more central location will shorten the haul at the ingathering of crops.

Another convenient plan is to build along the sides of square, said square forming general purpose barnyard. Care should be taken not to obstruct direct view from residence into it.

The ancient custom of planting the orchard along the highway should be abandoned in the future, as it greatly detracts from a pleasing front view of the farm, and obstructs a clear view of the road, which is often desirable. The early pioneer in his haste to raise fruit generally used the first improvement made for this purpose, planting along the roadside, very close to his dwelling, and in some instances surrounding it. This he regretted afterwards, for when about to erect permanent buildings he not infrequently found the orchard encumbering the coveted ground.

Would it not be a better plan to postpone planting orchards until more improvements are made, then plant in the rear of buildings, which in time will form a beautiful background to them.

L. L. W.

A sharp knife in a mowing machine saves team labor, crops and temper. The Dutton Grader advertised in this issue will do the business. It has been tested, and will pay for itself in a season's use.

Stacking Wheat.

At the Eaton Rapids Farmers' Institute Mr. Scott Roraback delivered an address on "Stacking," a subject very vital to a majority of farmers who have not barn room to stack their crops. As Mr. Roraback enjoys the reputation among his brother farmers of being a practical and successful stacker, we give a brief resume of the address, taken from the *Eaton Rapids Journal*.

Mr. Roraback had noticed during the past season that many stacks built by professional stackers, had failed to stand the test of long continued wet weather, and that in some cases the failure had been laid to machine binding. This the speaker said was not the cause, and that machine bound wheat was better to stack than hand bound, because firmer. The great trouble is that men do not understand the principles of stack setting. Beginners apply a stack on the very start. For the first three or four feet they keep the middle altogether too full. This causes the bundles to slip out, a trouble which they do not know how to remedy. Then when the bulge of the stack is reached and passed, the middle is not kept full enough. After the bulge of a stack is once reached the greatest pains should be taken to keep the middle full, packing bundles tight and close. The least amount of settling is at the bottom, the greatest at the top. If a stack settles three inches at the bottom it will settle about twelve at the top. At the bulge a stack should be twice as wide as at the bottom. It is much better to keep the middle of a stack even with the sides until the bulge is reached, than to have the middle too rounding. A stack is not necessarily ruined when bundles begin to slip out. In such an emergency, build out on the side opposite the point where the slipping begins, and thus overcome the difficulty by balancing up. Here three different diagrams were displayed, showing different forms for stacks. A fourth drawing was also exhibited, showing the ordinary lopsided stack, with a number of props under it. Mr. Roraback was very emphatic in his advice, never to put props under a stack. He thought many a stack, that if left alone would come out all right, was spoiled by propping. Instead of propping, lay out on the opposite side and thus establish equilibrium.

If you want a good stack, never keep a lot of scatterings for the bottom of your stack, for the loose straw will settle badly and spoil it. The center must be solid. Press bundles down closely on the outside. Drive to different sides to unload, otherwise your stack cannot be kept balanced.

In answer to a question, Mr. Roraback thought it best, perhaps, to keep a stack perfectly level, until it had been built two-thirds of the distance to the bulge. He thought a round stack far better than a long one. In fact he never built anything but round ones.

How I Raise My Sheep.

This was the topic of a successful wool-grower, at the late meeting of the Iowa live-stock men. He said: "I would prefer pure-bred stock; but as that is expensive, I usually get grades and breed up, for it takes but a short time to breed up a good flock. I have always used pure-bred Merino rams, being convinced that for profit, where sheep are kept in flocks of 100 or more, there is no equal to the Merino and its crosses. I aim to couple so as to have 100s dropped as soon as grass comes in spring. I want lambs to come early, yet not before there is pasture enough so that the ewes will have plenty of milk. During lambing time I keep a close watch, and if a lamb is dropped—unless it is warm weather—I see that it goes to the stable at once and as soon as possible see that it sucks—after which no further care is needed, except in storms. I aim to castrate all lambs before three weeks old, and wean them by Sept. 1. During summer I know nothing better than good blue grass and that kept pretty short, as sheep do not like long grass. I never feed grain in summer; yet when pasture is short, I think a little grain would pay. I feed lightly at first in the fall, but by the time winter sets in I aim to give full feed of about one bushel of corn to 100 head per day, with plenty of hay; while on dry feed in winter it is important that sheep should have plenty of water. When the cold fall rains commence they should be kept dry, as no sheep will thrive when its coat of wool is soaked full of water. Good care and shelter are just as important as good feeding, for sheep well sheltered will shear from one to two pounds more per fleece than when exposed to the weather, and the wool will sell for a higher price in the market. With fine-wool sheep the wool can be left on till quite late in the season—first, because there is great danger of losing sheep by cold storms, if sheared too early in the season; and second, the wool is not in the best condition until the "grease" rises, which will not be until the weather is quite warm. We usually sell as soon as the clip is ready. I think Merino sheep and their crosses the most profitable, because they are smaller, eat less, and shear much more than the coarser ones. You can keep at least five fine wools on the same feed you keep three coarser ones.

Winter Dairying.

On this subject, so important to the average farmer, the *New England Farmer* says: Good winter butter is rarely in full supply, while pretty good summer butter is usually plenty in its season. The public taste has greatly changed within a few years, only freshly made butter being now wanted by the larger class of buyers, and particularly by the buyers of the better grades. There is really "no money" now, as that term is used, in summer dairying, unless one has a good pasture that one is willing to see run down by over feeding and without carrying anything back to keep up its fertility. There are farmers who are still pursuing this course, and it is they who are keeping the prices down in summer. They think there is no increase possible from their farms except as it comes with the least expenditure

of labor, and almost no brainwork or skill whatever.

According to our experience, winter is much the best time for butter making. With a dairy of twenty-five cows no farmer should expect his wife to do the heavy part of the dairy work in addition to her other house cares. A dairy of that size, well managed, will pay for the services of a strong, intelligent man, just what the farmer should himself be. During the winter a farmer can well spare the time for doing the dairy work, and it really gives him twelve months of useful occupation instead of the usual six or eight in summer. With fire heat the temperature can be controlled quite as easily in winter as by the use of ice in summer. Having the dairy in winter, the busiest summer months can be fully occupied with ordinary farm work while the cows are running dry and neither milking nor churning to be done. There is no better time to raise calves than in the fall and early winter. The flies are gone and the calves can be stabled in comfort. When spring arrives they will be in good condition to turn off to pasture.

Agricultural Items.

The quantity of sugar imported into America for tanning purposes increases yearly, amounting to from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds, and taking a half million dollars from the country annually.

It is said that Holland takes the lead in the manufacture of butterine. There are now about 45 manufactories in that country, the majority of which are in North Brabant, where farms are small, and can only maintain one or two cows. Consequently, as these farmers can only make a small quantity of butter, which is apt to spoil before it can be collected or sent to market, they are the more willing to make contracts with the manufacturers of butterine. The consumption is chiefly in England. Exports in 1883 amounted to 40,000 tons, valued at 40,350,000 florins.

A KANSAS farmer who has had considerable experience in raising and feeding sorghum, is quite enthusiastic as to its merits as a fodder crop. He grows the Early Amber sort, sows broadcast one and a fourth bushels of seed, or drills in one bushel. He cuts when three or four feet high, and beginning to show here and there a head, with a mowing machine; cures thoroughly. When cut thus early a second crop nearly or quite as good as the first can be harvested, or if preferred, the field affords abundant pasturage at a time when pastures are generally dried up. The same care must be exercised in turning cattle into a sorghum pasture as into fresh clover, turning them in for a short time only till they become accustomed to it. The feed, whether green or cured, is excellent to stimulate milk production. It yields from five to six tons per acre.

The *Western Rural* very truly says: "The agents of the Bohemian oats business claim that the State of Michigan has invested the company with authority to do business within its limits. Whenever a statement of that kind is made out for the man who makes it. It is an expression that is the grand old of reputed incorporated quick medical establishments. All the State of Michigan has to do with this company, if it has anything to do with it, is to furnish it a law under which it is organized. It has no more authorized that company to do business within its boundaries to dig up stumps, if he can find stumps to dig up. The object of such laws as those under which corporations are authorized is not to give them the patronage of the State, but to personally them so that several men may do business as one man does it."

The Maryland Farmer takes strong ground in favor of feeding cattle in yards and sheds instead of letting them roam over large pastures, which must be fenced at great expense. It is so much cheaper for a farmer to fence in his own stock than to fence out all the stock of his neighbors; and then an acre will yield three or four times as much cattle food if it is cultivated and the crops cut instead of being gnawed off by tramping animals. The cost of fences is usually more than the value of the animals pastured, and sometimes more than the land enclosed. Cattle that are kept tight close, and are handled often, are also tamer, and less brachy than those which run at large, and are often compelled to shrink for their supply of food.

The Poultry Yard.

How Our Fowls are Fed.

S. E. Todd writes in the *Christian at Work*: The first thing I do, after daylight, every cold morning, is to carry a pailful of clean water to the henry, for the hens to drink. If the weather is freezing cold, the water is warmed, so that it will not freeze up before every hen has taken a good drink. It is really surprising, many times, to see how much a laying hen will drink. If they did not really need water, would they drink so much on a cold and freezing day? I know not. Then I put a few small potatoes, apple peelings, or pieces of Hubbard squash, for the hens to peck at. If they are not pecked at, the water is warmed, so that it will not freeze up before every hen has taken a good drink. It is really surprising, many times, to see how much a laying hen will drink. If they did not really need water, would they drink so much on a cold and freezing day? I know not. Then I put a few small potatoes, apple peelings, or pieces of Hubbard squash, for the hens to peck at. 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—AND—
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DETROIT, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1886
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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 98,326 bu., against 122,260 bu., the previous week and 56,976 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 80,939 bu. against 79,906 the previous week, and 33,060 the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,214,585 bu., against 2,301,201 last week and 988,936 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on February 6 was 54,197,045 bu. against 54,988,795 the previous week, and 43,535,596 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 791,750 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 6 were 322,961 bu., against 561,069 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 2,322,745 bu. against 2,706,000 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884-5.

The fluctuations in values the past week were within very narrow limits, and the market finally settled to about the same figures as reported at the close of the previous week. Speculative dealing has declined to very small proportions, spot and May deliveries covering the bulk of the transactions. Yesterday this market was firm at the opening, but later a weak feeling set in and No. 2 red, both spot and futures, declined considerably. No. 1 white closed steady at a shade higher prices than on Saturday, but red grades were lower. Chicago was slightly lower; New York was dull and lower; Liverpool steady but quiet; London steady. The decline was said to be caused by the report of a snow storm that had covered the bare fields. There will probably be a firmer feeling in a day or two.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Feb. 1 to Feb. 15:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Feb. 1	90	88	86	84
" 2	89 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
" 3	89 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4	83 1/4
" 4	89 1/8	87 1/8	85 1/8	83 1/8
" 5	89 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
" 6	89 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4	83 1/4
" 7	89 1/8	87 1/8	85 1/8	83 1/8
" 8	89 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
" 9	89 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4	83 1/4
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" 11	89 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
" 12	89 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4	83 1/4
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" 14	89 1/2	87 1/2	85 1/2	83 1/2
" 15	89 1/4	87 1/4	85 1/4	83 1/4

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various dates:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
Wednesday	91	91	91	91
Thursday	91	91	91	91
Friday	91	91	91	91
Saturday	91	91	91	91
Sunday	91	91	91	91

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4
Thursday	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8
Friday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Saturday	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4
Sunday	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8

According to the report of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, the total value of the exports of domestic merchandise for the year 1885, according to the Government report, was \$773,563,120, of which breadstuffs constituted nearly 15 per cent and provisions nearly 15 per cent. The aggregate value of the domestic exports for 1884, upon the same authority, was \$733,768,764, of which breadstuffs constituted nearly 21 per cent and provisions more than 13 per cent.

Reports from Russia say that continued storms and flooding rains throughout Southern Russia, instead of the normal snow fall, are causing the gravest apprehensions of the germinating of the early crops. Odessa is reported to be still shipping grain very sparingly, while the other Southern ports of Russia are closed.

Late reports from Australia state that the yield there is larger than anticipated, owing to the variable character of the crop. In some districts it is quite large, and in others very light. The quality of the grain is so poor that it is believed the surplus will not be worth exporting—it is shrivelled and undeveloped.

The duty upon grain in Germany is said to be breaking down the milling interest there, foreign grain being dearer, while home grown is of such poor quality that the flour made from it is unsalable in competition with foreign brands.

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The English markets are dull with a very light demand. At Liverpool yesterday the market was dull, with California club at 7s. 9d. to 8s. 11d. white Michigan at 7s. 1d., red winter at 7s. 4d., and spring at 7s. 3d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 308,059 bu., against 195,715 bu. the previous week and 112,763 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 183,402 bu., against 143,205 bu. the previous week, and 117,595 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in the country on February 6 amounted to 7,251,352 bu. against 7,136,054 bu. the previous week, and 7,339,583 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 65,298 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,485,276 bu., against 1,187,652 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 10,715,324 bu., against 11,250,956 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884-5. The stocks now held in this city amount to 142,342 bu., against 99,119 bu. last week and 58,824 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn has ruled fairly active the past week, with prices firm and higher. The advance has been gradual, and seems to be entirely legitimate. Quotations are 4 1/2c for No. 2, 4 1/4c for high mixed, 3 3/4c for new high mixed, and 3c for new mixed. The Chicago market has ruled firm all week, with values showing an advance. Quotations there are 38 1/2c for spot No. 2, 37c for March, and 40c for May. The foreign demand keeps up well, and new mixed is quoted higher in the English markets.

At Toledo corn is quoted The Liverpool market is quoted firm and slightly higher. Quotations there are 4s. 7 1/2d. per cental for old mixed and 4s. 2d. for new do. In futures, new mixed for February and March deliveries is quoted at 4s. 1 1/2d.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 14,943 bu., against 21,907 bu. the previous week, and 12,999 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 15,448 bu. against 11,633 bu. the previous week, and 1,773 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply of this grain on February 6 was 1,824,398 bu., against 1,995,019 bu. the previous week, and 3,001,126 bu. February 7, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 42,631 bu. and for the last eight weeks were 360,642 bu. against 316,322 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1884-5. The visible supply shows an increase of 756,107 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 28,963 bu., against 25,392 bu. the previous week, and 12,100 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Oats are again higher, and are held with more firmness in all domestic markets. No. 2 white are now quoted at 3 1/2c, light mixed at 3 1/4c and No. 2 mixed at 3 3/4c per bu. There is very little speculative movement; some sales of No. 2 white for May delivery were made at 3 3/8c. The Chicago market is firm and also higher. Cash No. 2 closed at 30 1/4c. February and March deliveries at 29 1/2c, and May at 29 1/2c. By sample sales were made in that market at 30 1/4c for No. 2 mixed, with a good shipping demand. The Toledo market is quoted dull, with No. 2 mixed at 3 1/4c for spot, and 3 3/4c for May delivery. The New York market is easy, with a slight decline in some grades. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 mixed, 38 1/2c; No. 3 white, 39 1/4c; No. 2 white, 41c; with a sale of Michigan white, 40 lbs., at 45c per bu.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Feb. 1 to Feb. 15:

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The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various dates:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
Wednesday	91	91	91	91
Thursday	91	91	91	91
Friday	91	91	91	91
Saturday	91	91	91	91
Sunday	91	91	91	91

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4
Thursday	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8
Friday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Saturday	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4
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Tuesday	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2	94 1/2
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Thursday	91	91	91	91
Friday	91	91	91	91
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Sunday	91	91	91	91

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Feb.	March	April	May
Tuesday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4	89 1/4
Thursday	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8	89 1/8
Friday	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
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CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 308,059 bu., against 195,715 bu. the previous week and 112,763 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 183,402 bu., against 143,205 bu. the previous week, and 117,595 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in the country on February 6 amounted to 7,251,352 bu. against 7,136,054 bu. the previous week, and 7,339,583 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 65,298 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,485,276 bu., against 1,187,652 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 10,715,324 bu., against 11,250,956 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884-5. The stocks now held in this city amount to 142,342 bu., against 99,119 bu. last week and 58,824 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn has ruled fairly active the past week, with prices firm and higher. The advance has been gradual, and seems to be entirely legitimate. Quotations are 4 1/2c for No. 2, 4 1/4c for high mixed, 3 3/4c for new high mixed, and 3c for new mixed. The Chicago market has ruled firm all week, with values showing an advance. Quotations there are 38 1/2c for spot No. 2, 37c for March, and 40c for May. The foreign demand keeps up well, and new mixed is quoted higher in the English markets.

At Toledo corn is quoted The Liverpool market is quoted firm and slightly higher. Quotations there are 4s. 7 1/

Poetry.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Against the wooded hill it stands,
Ghosts of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old time harvests grew.

Unplowed, unown, by scythe the unown,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A flaccid spray, once blossom-clad,
Swags bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roadside porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

Rise track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth, the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,
Resounds no more on hushing eves,
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so dear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down some shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive its spectral kine!

O home so desolate and lone!
Did all thy memories die with thee?
Were any we, were any born,
Beneath the low roof-tree?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke
And let the waiting sunshine through?
What good wife sent the earliest smoke
Up the great chimney due?

Did rustic lovers hither come?
Did maidens, swaying back and forth
With rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,
Make light their toll with mirth?

Did child feet patter on the stair?
Did boyhood frolic in the snow?
Did gray age, in her slow chair,
Knit, rocking to and fro?

The murmuring brook, the sighing breeze,
The pine's slow whisper, can not tell;
Low sounds beneath the hemlock trees
Keep the home secrets well.

O wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave nolsome mill and chattering store
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,
And fragrant fern, and ground mat vine;
Breathe air blown over hill and copse,
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small?
Thy life's essential wants supply?
Thy homestead's title gives you all
That little wealth can buy.

Your own sole masters, freedom willed,
With none to bid you go or stay,
Till the old fields your fathers tilled,
As manly men as they!

With skill that spurs your tolling hands,
And chemic aid that science brings,
Reclaim the waste and outgrown lands,
And reign thereon as kings!

—John G. Whittier, in Atlantic.

A SONNET.

As when some workers, tolling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—
The large design, from which each trifling dole
But goes to make the loom much wished for goal;
So do we seek to penetrate the doom
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece,
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completion; here but God's eyes see
What death shall show when our life shall cease.

—Chambers' Journal.

Miscellaneous.

UNCLE SIMON'S ADVICE.

OLD FARM, October 30th, 18—.

George Maxwell was sitting with me when the mail brought me a letter from Uncle Simon Jones. To my surprise, the letter contained a request that I should come up and make him a visit.

Uncle Simon is George's great-uncle as well as mine, and for the past two years George's home had been at Old Farm. Nobody knows why the arrangement was broken up, but it was, and George is now earning his living as a clerk in the bank at X—.

"Shall I go, George?" I asked. "Please yourself," said George, laughing. "Don't make a permanent engagement, though, for I don't believe you can stand it long."

I reflected. The school in which I am a teacher has been broken up by scarlet fever. I have been unable to obtain another engagement, and my money is fast melting away. Under the circumstances, I do nothing better than accept, especially as George assured me that he should not feel at all aggrieved by my decision. So I wrote to Uncle Simon that I would come for a visit, and here I am.

Uncle Simon is rather a fine-looking man, tall, broad-shouldered and ruddy, with a fine, full beard of silvery white. On the way home from the station, he startled me once by asking, abruptly: "I forget whether you know my nephew, George Maxwell?"

My heart gave a thump. Know George? Well! But only said: "Oh, yes; I have known him all my life."

"I was disappointed in George—much disappointed," Uncle Simon went on. "He promised well at first, but he had one great fault. I hope you are not above taking advice from your elders and betters, young lady?"

I was a little startled at the sharpness of his manner, but assured him that I am always grateful for good advice, not thinking it necessary to add that I use my own discretion in regard to following it.

Old Farm is not much of a farm after all. Since George left, Uncle Simon has let most of the land. The house is large, low and rambling, by no means imposing, but very quaint and comfortable, crowning the topmost swell of the lawn with its creamy, rough cast walls. There is but one servant in the kitchen, a middle-aged woman, whose face wears an expression of constant irritation and vexation. It cleared a little when she saw me, but clouded again, as she shook her head slowly, saying:

"Ah, you won't stand it long; not long, you won't—worse luck!"

"Why not, Amanda?" I asked. But she only shook her head and groaned in reply.

I don't see why one should not be very happy here, unless, indeed, Uncle Simon is a confirmed lunatic, as they half lead me to believe. However, I will wait until I see some definite sign of lunacy before I take flight.

November 5.
I had a visitor yesterday. Such a pretty girl! A plump, brown-eyed, dimpled little thing, with a wonderful peachy-pearl complexion and masses of golden brown hair. I had begun to wonder whether Uncle Simon had any neighbors, for not a creature had as yet crossed the threshold.

Miss Lulu Belden seems inclined to be sociable, however.

"I'm so glad you have come!" she began, before she was well seated. "I know Mr. Jones has been dreadfully lonely since Geo—Mr. Maxwell left, though wild horses would not draw the admission from him."

That "Geo—" rankled in my mind, and I am afraid that I did not respond as cordially as I might have done.

However, Miss Belden seems a bright, innocent little body, and, after all, it is natural that she should call him George, as she did after awhile without stopping to correct herself.

"Did George tell you why he left?" she asked, at last.

"Nothing definite," I said, shortly, vexed, I hardly knew why.

"Now that was nice of him, especially as he had no idea that I know," cried Miss Lulu. "George is a good fellow. I think I must tell you though, for I have made a guess which may be right or not—"

"Don't!" I cried, putting my fingers in to my ears. "I don't want to know anything but what comes to me naturally. It would only make things harder for me."

"Perhaps you are right," said Miss Lulu, after meditating a moment.

I don't mind her calling him George—of course that would be too absurd—but I do think it high time that I began to call him Mr. Maxwell. It is quite enough for one woman to call him a man by his first name.

She seems to know all about me, and about Mr. Maxwell's and my childish intimacy. I answered all her questions about him as well as I could, and she left at last, after making me promise to come and see her very soon.

Uncle Simon brought another visitor home to tea with him, a Mr. Arthur Parker—rather a good looking young fellow, tall and fair, with nice honest eyes and a frank smile; somehow, though, I fancied that he wished himself anywhere else, for a cat in a strange garret would have been at ease compared to him. As for me, I was meditating upon Miss Lulu's visit, and I am afraid I was rather stupid and absent-minded. I was horrified at last, to catch myself in the midst of a tremendous yawn.

Just as I recovered myself, in dismay and perturbation, I caught Mr. Parker's eye. There was a sympathetic twinkle in it, instead of embarrassing, quite reassured me, and we burst out laughing simultaneously. I was afraid that Uncle Simon would be vexed, but he smiled and beamed as I had never seen him do before. When Mr. Parker had left, Uncle Simon expressed his approbation in modified terms.

"It isn't generally well to yawn in company, Maudie, but this time it was, perhaps, the best thing you could do, as it broke the ice completely. Parker is an uncommonly fine fellow, and I was glad to see that you made a good impression."

Before I went to bed, I scribbled a short note to Geo—Mr. Maxwell, as I had promised, telling him of my safe arrival, and mentioning the visits of our two neighbors. Of both I spoke in terms of unbounded praise. Why? I wonder. Perhaps Mr. Maxwell will know, but I don't.

I think I am beginning to understand why people consider Uncle Simon difficult to live with. It began the day after I came, but it began temperately, out of deference to my rank as a stranger. It was spiced, too, with compliments.

"Nice, you walk well—very well; but if you would put down your feet a little more firmly, the effect would be better."

"Nice, you have a very smooth, pretty complexion, but it is a trifle dark for blue. Red, now, would be much more becoming. Take my advice, and always wear red."

Uncle Simon had placed a horse at my disposal. I always supposed that I rode tolerably well, but after my first ride with him, I could only conclude that I was a most "awful duffer" at it.

"Hands lower, body firmer. That's better, but—ah, well, keep on trying. Whip a little higher. Don't be discouraged. We'll make a horse-woman of you yet. You have been dreadfully taught, but that's not your fault."

It was an immense relief when Uncle Simon suddenly shot from my side toward a man who was laying a stone fence. The man no sooner saw Uncle Simon, however, than he took to his heels, and bolted across the fields. Uncle Simon returned to my side with a crestfallen air.

"It is the most extraordinary thing," he said. "I have been trying to give Ben Grimes some idea of the proper way of laying fences, I thought he was getting a quite fair idea of it, but lately I have never been able to get speech of him."

"But, Uncle Simon," I said, "isn't fence-laying his trade?"

"Eh?—oh, certainly," said Uncle Simon, looking puzzled. "But what of that? Do you suppose half the man in the world understand their own trades? Lookers-on see most of the game, you know."

It was singular to see how every man we approached suddenly found it necessary to dart into the house or across the fields. If Uncle Simon and I had been lepers, they could not have fled faster nor more persistently. Just one stood his ground—a sturdy, red-faced countryman, who awaited us doggedly.

"Look-a-here, squire," he burst out, before Uncle Simon could speak. "If you've got any 'advice' to give me, you might as well give me your breath. I took it once—more fool I—and what did it do for me? You remember my new wagon, brand-spick-and-span new, and cost two hundred dollars? And you remember my bay horse that I was going to sell because he balked? 'Don't see him,' says you; 'take my advice,' and I did. Next time he wouldn't go I took your advice and built a fire under him, and what did that horse do? Just stood stockstill till the fire began to scorch; then he gave a jump—just one—and not another step would he budge. There he stood, stiff as a post, and that wagon burning to cinders at his tail. Jumped just far enough to bring it over the fire, he did. We had to cut the traces and let him burn at last. That's all, squire, and if you ever get me to take another bit of advice, you'll have to pay me for that wagon first off."

"The man turned on his heel and walked away contemptuously."

"People are so pig-headed!" was Uncle Simon's only comment; and I responded, devoutly:

"They are—they are, indeed!"

Uncle Simon admires Miss Lulu very much. He is fifty at least, but I can not mistake his frequent hints that some time this home, he hopes, will be her home. From the manner in which his brow clouds over whenever Geo—Mr. Maxwell's and her name happen to occur in the same sentence, I have begun to form a shrewd idea of the rupture. It is impossible that Lulu can return Uncle Simon's admiration; it is quite possible that she should return that of—some one else. Hence jealous complications, resulting in a final rupture.

"He who runs may read."

I wonder whether she ever hears from Mr. Maxwell? I thought he would have answered my note before this, especially after begging me so to write.

November 10.
I have begun upon a new plan. Things are becoming monotonous, and it is time to turn the tables. Uncle Simon, having criticised nearly everything else about me, began this morning upon my hair.

"Nice, you don't wear your hair properly. There is but one way for a woman to wear it; that is, plainly parted and coiled low down behind. That way of piling it all up on the top of your head is quite out of character."

"Uncle, I am glad you mentioned it, for it gives me courage. I have often wanted to tell you that you don't wear your beard properly. There is but one way for a man to wear it; that is, plainly parted and coiled low down behind. That way of piling it all up on the top of your head is quite out of character."

"Uncle, I am glad you mentioned it, for it gives me courage. I have often wanted to tell you that you don't wear your beard properly. There is but one way for a man to wear it; that is, plainly parted and coiled low down behind. That way of piling it all up on the top of your head is quite out of character."

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smouldered for a moment, and then flashed suddenly into a blaze.

Mr. Parker was the only one of us who had any sense. He took in the situation at once, and rushing from the room, returned with some dark object, which he threw over the burning paper, pressing and trampling it down until the flames were completely smothered. Uncle Simon looked at the ruins for a moment, as Mr. Parker removed the charred remains of his new overcoat.

"For once," I thought, "Uncle Simon will find it impossible to give advice." But I was mistaken.

"It is all Amanda's fault," said Uncle Simon. "What does she mean by keeping her cash pans so hot? I must go and speak to her about it."

Even Amanda, the long-suffering, blazed up this time as fiercely as the paper had done. I heard her voice, choked with angry tears, but any idea of the mischief Uncle Simon was doing, I had not, for Lulu was whispering in my ear.

"I had a letter from George Maxwell, to-day. He wants to know how you are getting on, and why you don't write to him. What shall I say?"

"Say? Let her say what she pleases. If he wants to know about me, let him ask me himself. It is an impertinence to send messages in this roundabout way. What is it to me?"

11 P. M. Just as I wrote the last word, Amanda came to my door.

"I can't stand it no longer, Miss," she said. "It ain't the work I mind—no, Miss, it ain't the work—but it's this beastly nag, nag, nagging, that an angel of light couldn't stand, let alone the old fellow himself, saving his presence! He must teach me to boil, and bake, and roast, and fry, to knead bread, and scrub floors, and make beds, and the dear knows what all! I've got a sick sister and a lame brother, and he gives good wages, or I couldn't have stood it as long as I have. I'm at the end of my patience now, though, and good luck to him with the next one! I pinned a dish-cloth to his coat-tail, once," said Amanda, with a hysterical giggle, "and he wore it all day. I took it off at night, unbeknownst to him, and he's been wondering ever since what made folks laugh so that day. I'm sorry to leave you, Miss, but him I can't stand, nor won't. Only one thing, Miss, don't you go to cooking for him, not if he goes down on his benighted knees. A saint's own temper couldn't stand it, and you'd find wrinkles coming round your pretty eyes before you knew it."

No, Amanda, I shall not cook for him—not I—I'll starve, first. I wonder whether our breakfast will be early to-morrow?

"The day will come, and we shall be wiser," as Gregory Lopez was fond of saying.

November 22.
It wasn't early, and it wasn't good. I was awakened about eight o'clock by a modest knock at my door. I answered through the key-hole.

"Amanda has gone," said Uncle Simon. Then I expressed all due surprise.

"Can you cook?" was the next inquiry, to which I returned a prompt and decided negative.

Having by this time struggled into a wrapper, I opened my door to find Uncle Simon looking uncommonly thoughtful.

"You are sure you cannot cook, Maudie?" he asked again.

"Dear Uncle, what chance have I ever had to learn? But that does not matter, for you excel in it, you know."

"Do I?" said Uncle Simon, rather dubiously.

But I replied briskly: "Why, certainly. How often I have heard you giving Amanda directions, and wondering at your skill! What a breakfast we shall have! I am hungry already, at the thought of it."

Uncle Simon went down stairs slowly, very slowly, and I am afraid that I laughed to myself while completing my toilet.

The cloth was crooked, when I went down at last; the plates didn't match; there was not a spoon upon the table; but all that was nothing. Such coffee! such toast! such black, chippy, scrambled eggs! and such a woful Uncle Simon! It was wicked, but I laughed until I cried, as I surveyed the whole scene.

"I have always heard, said Uncle Simon, 'that it is much easier to do things yourself, than to tell others how, but I begin to doubt it.'"

Uncle Simon went off on a servant-hunt after breakfast, and I washed up the dishes and put the things away, tolerably certain that I should not be found fault with this time. Lulu came while I was about it.

"It's precious little use for him to go servant-hunting," she said. "People about here know him a great deal too well."

It took only one look at Uncle Simon's face, when he came in at last, to know that his mission had been a dead failure. He glanced at the table, still covered with its red cloth.

"Dinner will be late, to-day, Uncle Simon," I said.

Uncle Simon groaned, but said nothing, and presently I heard him knocking the things about in the kitchen. Feel mean? Of course I did. Under any other circumstances I should have tried my hand at cooking, and no doubt made a thorough botch of it. As it is, I feel a "maserine inactivity" to be the only safe course.

The door opens, and Uncle Simon's head appears.

